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risure I go for a several arough the parks.
"I never get hungry; most people feel
"I never get hungry; most people feel
"I never get hungry; most people feel that way when their imagination is away with them. I live on \$4.11 a more and I have an itemized statement away with them. I live on \$4.11 a month and I have an itemized statement to prove it. My favorite dishes are apples, eggs and rice. I avoid meats and indigestible foods. They tear the vital organs up and put them out of use."

Riley saves 95 per cent of his salary, He is a man of strong personality and is an excellent specimen of manhood. He is not a miser, and declares be abhors the life of a recluse. He says he

He is not a miser, and declares be abhors the life of a recluse. He says he
lives well, and he is the envy of the
clerks who squander all their eardings
and are heavily in debd. He never mkes
a drink and abhors coffee.

"I never took a drink in my life, and
I have never used tobacco in any form."
he said. "It is dead elsy to live a life
of economy and thrift, and there is no
pleasure in spending all one's eardings in
extravagant living. As a matter of fact,
poverty forced a quiet life upon me.
After being swindled out of several
thousand dollars in my early life I decided to retrieve my losses and to save

Twelve Cents a Day.

Augustus Riley, a clerk in the War Department, seventy-four years old, delares that he spends less than twelve ents a day for his living.

"My average expense every day for some money. Poverty brings good results at times. It did me good and started me on the right road.

"How do I live on so little? Why, that's simple. My restricted diet, now that I have a good salary, is simply a matter of choice. It is the healthiest and happiest way to live."

#### Facts From Many Lands

A substitute for wireless telegraphy limited, however, in its application, habeen invented by an officer of the artillery branch of the United States army lery branch of the United States army. Simple signals can be given by means of an enormous shutter, with slats a foot wide. These slats are painted various colors and are operated by a lever. The present high cost of the wireless system may give the shutter an important place in the signal service.

Maurice Chaulin, a French littentor, has perfected a clever apparatus for killing mosquitoes. It consists of a small lamp—electric or oil—hung between two rings, the rings being connected with

lamp electric or oil—hung between two rings, the rings being connected with tiny vertical and parallel chains. These chains are charged with a surrout of

## A CENTURY OF ROMANOFFS

Continued from first page.

he assassin, a prisoner, and, approach

ing him quietly, ordered his removal. At that moment came the second ex plosion, which shook the whole city, and a minute or two later, when the Grand Duke Michael bent over the mangled body of his brother and asked him if he wished to be removed to a nearby house, he caught these faint words:

"Quick, home-carry to palace-there

CZARS AS HOME LOVERS AND HOME MAKERS.

In these last words of a great emperor stands revealed the latter day Romanoffs' love of home and family Historians unite in declaring that both Alexander II and his son and successor, the third Alexander, in their home life were above reproach; and though Nicholas II is being damned for many things these days, even his bitterest enemies credit him with being a good husband and father, and an intense lover of his

The apple of Alexander III's eyes was his son George. It was pathetic to see the father, a giant in stature, with the strength of an ox, with hands that could crumple a plate of silver, tagging around after and doing the bidding of this delicate boy.

One day the two went out hunting The lad shot a duck, which fell into what looked to be a shallow stretch of water. The boy plunged in after the game, only to find himself swiftly sinking in a treacherous bog. His cries brought his father, whose great strength enabled him to extricate his son, even after the latter had been swallowed by the bog up to his neck.

Both returned to the palace wet through and chilled, and the boy in high fever. In the middle of the night the father wished to go to the boy's room to see how he was. The Czarina, thinking of her husband, objected, say ing that the trip through the long, windy corridors to the other end of the palace would be dangerous, especially as he was still chilled from his experience of the afternoon. The Czar had never been able to stand up against the pleadings of his wife; he lay back in bed, feigned sleep, and she, thinking that she had accomplished her object, returned to her room A little later the Crar, clad only in

a bathrobe and slippers, was quietly slipping to his boy's room. There he remained for some time watching beside the sleeping child before returning to A day or two later the chill had set-

tled in the Czar's vital organs; how it came to do so was brought out by the doctor's questioning. And a few weeks after that the Czar was lying cold in death.

"THANK GOD FOR WORONZOFF!" Another story of this same Czar's narental tenderness has been told 'round the world

When Alexander traveled by rail his rain was always divided in four sections, that the Nihilists would not be able to locate the section in which he was secreted and thus blow it up. But, despite this precaution, the bomb throwers did ascertain once on which section the Czar would travel, and it was promptly blown to bits.

The Czar succeeded in extricating the Czarina, his daughter and himself from the wreckage, strewn with dead and dying guards. A little group, they stood, unguarded and in the midst of carnage on the barren steppe. Suddenly the nerves of the child gave way; she flung herself into her father's arms and sobbed out:

"Oh, papa, now they'll come and murder us all!"

And the Czar, oblivious to the probable truth of his child's heart cry, comforted her, and was discovered so engaged when protection arrived.

Alexander III was not without a sens of humor; its possession is a saving grace to a Czar even.

It was while he was Crarevitch that he assumed command of the famous Preobrajenski regiment, a portion of which recently revolted against the Czar. Shortly after he had taken command it became necessary for the names of the officers to be read to him. German name after German name was reeled off. Clear down to the letter Then "Woronzoff!" was sung out.

"Thank Ged for Woronzoff!" ex-claimed the Crarevitch, with a dry smile and a sigh of relief.

During his fatal illness the Czarini the present downger Czarina, was in constant attendance at her husband's bedside. They held hands like two lovers by the hour. One day, turning to his physcian, the sick man, who had

his physician, the sick man, who had been told that death was only a question of weeks at best, exclaimed:

"I have even before my death got to know an angel."

His son, Nicholas II, said something worthy to be coupled with that at the

time his first child was born With tears in her eyes the Czarina

asked the forgiveness of her husband because it was not a boy. "I am extremely pleased to have a

little girl," he said, as he comforted her. "This child is ours, and ours alone. If a son had been born it would not have been so. He would have belonged to Russia." It is not of record that he reiterated

this sentiment as daughter followed daughter, even to the number of four However, in this case, like father, like son. No matter how late he reached home, Alexander III would seek out his sleeping babies, kiss them, and cross himself over them. No matter how troublous the times, Nicholas II is reported to romp daily in care-free fashion with his five children

"What is Nicholas II?" asked Clemenceau, now grown to be the greatest one-man power in all France, when the young man ascended the throne of his fathers. And he answered his own query in these words: "Nobody knows, possibly not even himself."

Twelve years have come and gone since that day. In this time the Czar, either wittingly or unwittingly. has done and caused to be done many things that should give a good idea as to the manner of man that he is. But to-day, as yester year, the question is heard on every hand, "What is Nicholass II?" By the token of numerous widely antipodal answers it is plain that, excepting the Nicholas of the home, "nobody knows." And shall we add, "possibly not himself"?

But, for that matter, what was the other Nicholas? What the first Alexander-the second-the third?

When the people of St. Petersburg shouted for "Constantine and a Constitution" - Constantine was Nicholas weak-minded elder brother-and naively asked if Constitution was Constantine's wife, Nicholas mowed them down with cannon and fed them to the Neva through holes cut in the ice. Yet he gave his last breath to a plea for the freedom of the serfs. His son freed them; he also turned Poland over to the mercies of Mouravieff, surnamed "the hangman." In the treatment of his family no man could have shown a tenderer, bigger heart than Alexander III. He it was who persecuted Nonconformists. Jews and Polish Catholics until the whole world rang with the horror of it all. The first Alexander was one of the three parties to the Holy Alliance formed to stamp out the spread of re publican ideas. Yet when he came to die he said: "They may say of me what they will, but I have lived and died a republican."

What is the modern Czar? crowned Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? It is a question the right answer to which bafflles the conscientious historian.

## A MATTER OF MIND

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING.

The policeman I had been noticing for some minutes came across the station to where I awaited my train. He car-

ried a printed paper.

"Where are you going, sir?" he asked
me, looking to the paper and back again.

I had just bought a Providence ticket,

"Excuse me, but I'm not sufficiently decided to inform you."

He did not seem so indignant as I expected, but smiled with an indulgent kindliness which angered me.

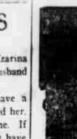
"No offence, sir," he continued, "only-well, aren't you Mr. Martin-Gerald Martin, of Philadelphia?"

"I'm not obliged to reply to such im-pertinence," I said. "No; but aren't you?"

"No; but aren't you?"
"What?"
"Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia?"
"No!" I replied, in a way intended to settle our growing difficulty.
"I see," remarked the fellow, with amazing effrontery, because I could not understand what he could see; "then, sir, as a special favor to an officer in the discharge of his duty, will you tell me who you are?"
"A duty?" I asked incredulously.
"An important one, sir," he replied, so earnestly as to win me.
I picked up my bag to enter the Providence train. "Since you insist," I said, "Pil tell you my name is—my name—is—why—officer.—"

Horrible, indeed! I could not recall It was a most astounding psychological incident. I was interested, but annoyed. The policeman enjoyed another in-dulgent smile and made a sign which dulgent smile and made a sign which brought up two men; they must have been watching us. I did not find myself able to respond with sincerity to their greetings. One a tall youngster, ad-dressed me most familiarly. The other

stared,
"I'm not Gerald Martin," I said, laughing in spite of my mortification, "and
but for the rather brutal way in which
you have assailed me I could not have
been placed in this embarrassing position. I've been working hard of late,
I think, and—"



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on the market, and I write sometimes. That was as easy as anything.
The end of it was that we all wen

to call on the chief of police. I felt chagrined. They chattered at a fearful "He has been calling himself George Marsh." My heart leaped.

"I am George Marsh, gentlemen," I cried, for it seemed to come back to me then, "and I am a lawyer by profession, though given to literature. I live in the city of Boston, at the Winterset hotel."

The young man who spoke little but looked at me hard said:

"And how long have you lived in Bos-ton, Mr. Marsh?"
"Oh," I answered, "not-not so long. you know-not so long." Really, it seemed to me that the time was of no importance just then. They spoke in tones, until my quiet acquaintance

"Mr. Marsh, we are in a very difficult situation. We cannot get out of it with-out your aid. I beg you will not insist on our at present informing you of the details. I want to ask you if, as a very special favor, to help persons in deep distress, you are willing to join our party and accompany us to Philadelphia, free of expense, and at a reasonable compensation for loss of time."

"How long?" I asked, wondering what was coming next.
"Two or three days-pethaps," he re-

plied. "Yes," I agreed; "I will go if it will do you a service—because you seem to be agitated to an extraordinary degree." We started for Philadelphia with no delay, and I found myself in company whose agreeable manners were tem-pered with a respectful reticence. On nearing our carriage at Camden station

insist that before going further I b "Gentlemen, you must excuse me if I insist that before going further I be admitted to a knowledge of our errand."

The slender youth seemed fit for re-

monstrance; but the other, whom I had begun to like, interrupted: "To be sure. Well, then, I am Doctor Wrangle-this Mr. Harold Martin, son

of Mr. Gerald Martin——"
"My double, I suppose?" I said,
"Yes," replied the doctor, and I won-

dered what about his face reminded me of that policeman. "As to our errand," he continued, "Mr

Martin most mysteriously disappeared three weeks ago. We are searching for him, and we want you-a practical law-yer with plenty of leisure, to take up the hunt as an entirely imprejudiced per-son. The best detectives have failed. We have been seeking a man exactly— yes, I may say exactly like you."
"You display astounding confidence in a stranger," I suggested.

"We are desperate," replied he. "Mrs Martin is frantic with grief and appre-hension. Will you allow us to put you in entire charge of the search for a suf-ficient period to make a study of the

I got into the carriage.

At the door young Martin led the way past a pretty maid into a house set with obvious elegance. It occurred to me that the missing Martin lived well when he was at home. The doctor and I waited. Harold ran upstairs. I heard a door unatch, and a woman's voice cried some thing indefinite. Then Harold broke in:
"Yes, mother," he said; "we've found

The door closed. I found the doctor regarding me intently.
"Well, sir," he remarked, as if expect

ing me to say something of importance.
"Mrs. Martin was expecting me, then?" I inquired. "Expecting you?"

"Yes—or some one in my capacity."
"Yes." The doctor led the way toward what looked like a library. "We needed you desperately."
"It's very flattering to be in such demond." I realized

I replied. "You'll be better than Jolworthy, the police detective who has been bungling the case," returned the doctor. "He has the case," returned the doctor. "H been outrageously careless of Mrs.

tin's feelings. This is Mr. Martin's library. "Martin lived well, anyway," I said "A bookman, wasn't he?"
"No, a lawyer."

"A good one, then."
"Yes; good to all but himself."
"How?" "Overwork. His last murder trial fin

ished him."

I surveyed the room in detail. It overflowed with elegance.

"Tve discovered a clew, doctor," I cried, as I stood before a ripping collection of Byzantine teapots. He was by my side instantly, all alive.

"Don't start," said I. "Tve only discovered that Martin was out of his mind. No sane man could stay out of this library three successive weeks and

this library three successive weeks and

"Don't trifle, please," said the doctor

looking pained.

But my opinion of Martin was fixed.

"No same man could quit these teapors three weeks," I repeated. "No proper mind could be lured from these Mongolian ivories, or these amazing brasses, or this luxurious Thackeray; hence, the recor devil is mentally askew. Clew one or this luxinious Thackeray; hence, the poor devil is mentally askew. Clew one for me; has Jolworthy so much?"

The doctor only pointed to the library table. "Look over his papers," he said; "his diary is there, too, at the top of the pile. He was hot over the trial, you will see."

I read sloud the last entry:

"Jury has now been out twenty-eight hours. My head spins. I'll walk in the park an hour to tone me up."
"That," I declared, "is where Martin went to smash."

"It is," assented the doctor, "Can't you some way connect that jury business with the mystery? Can't you make that and the walk in the park and the dizzy head mean something to you? Put your-self in his place, Mr. Marsh, can't you?

self in his place, Mr. Marsh, can't you?"
"Can't see it," I replied "I'm not a Vidocq, you know. In short, I make nothing out of it."
"Nothing at all!" cried young Martin, in a despairing voice. I turned to see him at the door with a lady whom I supposed was his mother. They had been eavesdropping, and I did not like that. I bowed formally. In spite of Wrangle's detaining hand, Mrs. Martin, a most attractive person, J must admit a most attractive person, I must admit, came quickly to my side and sank down with her arms about me.
"My darling!" she whispered. "Won't

my love help you to see it all as it is?"
I leaped to my feet and flung the woman off. Wrangle's face was an added insult "By heaven, sir!" I cried; "if this is a joke, well sir," and I started for the door, "I don't wonder poor Martin left

Just then the detestable Jolworthy entered. I read insolent intentions in his

"They've enough of you, sir," I growled, savagely as I could.

He grinned insultingly.
"Oh, drop this bluff," he said. "It makes me tired." "Will you leave, sir, and let me finish my business with these people?" I de-

my business with these people?" I demanded, very angry.

Jolworthy sneered audibly. I started for him. He dodged around the library table. I vaulted over it. As I alighted Jolworthy, possibly somewhat cut up by my violence, extended his fist quite vigorously. Something cracked back in my head, and I could do nothing but fall on the floor.

It will always seem that it was a very long while later when I awake. The

long while later when I awoke. The slender youth and his mother were over me. They looked strangely alike—then it

began coming back. Why, I was in my house. My wife and boy-"Mr. Marsh," he said, "are you bet-

I was irritated.
"Harold," I cried, "what's the matter

"Harold," I cried, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know your own father? Who is Marsh, and what's the matter with my head. Helena, how does all this happen? Why, Helena!"

My wife threw a towel one way and a bottle of camphor the other, after which she shricked in a loud voice and cast her arms about my neck. I will not say what she said into my left ear. I say what she said into my left ear. I discovered that my right ear was cov-ered with a huge damp towel. Harold was yelling like an Indian buck

And then that great boy kissed me. was angry.
"Be quiet, you silly people!" I cried, striving to look not too deeply disgusted over such hysteria. "Now, tell me, did

the jury report?"

Harold whooped and Helena began to

"Harold," I commanded sternly, "something has happened. Tell me!"
"Yes," cried Wrangle, who had been
standing behind me all the time. "Tell
him, Harold, all of it—beginning with

three weeks ago." I reared my son to be truthful at all times, but I did not believe all he then said. After he had done I turned to

Wrangle:
"What brought me out of it?"
"That thundering rap Jolworthy gave "I hat thundering rap Jolworthy gave you," he answered, grinning.
"I don't know who Jolworthy is," said I, going over to Helena and taking her in my arms then and there; "but, white or black, or whatever, I insist that he be invited here to dinner and that the best in the house be his."

But Helena did not seem to care about Jolworthy.

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